1987 Yearbook

January 6, 2022

Last night, I happily discovered a copy of my high school yearbook, from 1987 (my Junior year), is on archive.org,

free to look through and enjoy, after all these years.

My own copy of that yearbook was discarded (by me) years ago, in one of my over-the-top personal belonging purging sprees, in which I joyfully bagged and boxed up almost everything of sentimental value to me, and trashed it all.

It’s a long story. I can’t say I’ve ever fully recovered from this thing, but I do avoid it, simply by not owning anything of value anymore.

How do I get so easily off-track? I wanted to talk about the yearbook…

https://archive.org/details/eagle1987deso

So, I haven’t seen any copies of any of my school days annuals, ever since 2001 or so. However, upon browsing through all the pages of this online copy last night, it was as if not one day has passed, everyone so familiar, every name bringing back all the memories. I loved school.

I never quite fit in, was socially awkward from day 1, had lots of complex character issues that weren't outgown or resolved until much later in life, but in spite of all that, regardless, I loved school.

Looking at all of my old classmates, I wished I could go back in time, to maybe just one week, in the 1980's, and get to know each and every one of them better. To go back, and be a better person, and a better friend.

I still have so many regrets about how much of a selfish brat I was at times, and it haunts me to recall the times where I hurt the feelings of others, in an attempt to be cool, or fit in. I was never a bully, actually I was bullied a bit myself in my earlier school days, and I think this is what motivated me (sadly) to do whatever it took to fit in, and be "popular", when I started public school (De Soto), in 1981. My junior high days were the worst. I am utterly ashamed at my behavior in 7th & 8th grade.

God had mercy on me, and allowed me to fall through the cracks, so to speak, and not carry on like I was. Somehow, He evened me out, and at the ripe old age of 52(!!), I can now honestly say, I have matured. Finally.

During my high school years, I was so wrapped up in all the art stuff (the world that I could function/get ahead in), that I paid little attention to so many other things going on around me. Was I selfish, or just coping? I don't know, but last night, for the very first time, while looking through the yearbook, I paid attention to the things like the sports teams, the

athletic clubs, and the other student group organizations. That’s the stuff THEY cared about. Looking back, I was surprised to find out that high school, from a broader perspective and reality, was in fact, NOT all about art, boys, and heavy metal.

I was enlightened and dumbfounded, all at once.

What on earth was my problem.

I want to go back and say hello to, and maybe give a quick hug to, all of my classmates from the De Soto High School class of 1988.

Thanks for putting up with me.

…and I am still avoiding any and all class reunions and facebook, because of my social awkwardness. That never cleared up. In fact, it’s much worse. That, and I can’t even walk right. And I say very stupid things.

God bless De Soto. What a time, and what a place to grow up in.

love,

Amy

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https://archive.org/details/SchoolYears